

AN
ESTIMATE
OF THE
MANNERS
AND
PRINCIPLES
OF THE
MODERN FRENCH.

BY
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THE ESSAY ON SPIRIT.

WITH NOTES,
BY
THE TRANSLATOR.

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WITH NOTES

THE TRANSLATOR



AN
ESTIMATE
OF THE
MANNERS AND PRINCIPLES
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MODERN FRENCH.

THOUGH under forty, I no longer know my own countrymen. Nothing is to be discovered but double entendre in their conversation; nothing but epigram in their writings; nothing but distraction in their thoughts; nothing but giddiness in their actions: smartness triumphs over reason; frivolousness silences genius. The *Adonises*
B are

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are the heroes of the day: we smell to them as to a bunch of jessamy; we admire them as we do a ruby; we take as much pleasure in attending to their sallies, as in seeing champaign sparkle.

Condamine can waste his time and his lungs, in proving the necessity of insertions. *Tronchin* can scrape together a hundred thousand crowns, by proscribing soup as an universal poison. *Kieser* can find money and reputation in pills, which the faculty can make nothing of. Our disease does not lie either in our blood, or in that of our forefathers; it is seated in our heads. Let us but fix the mercury, and we shall soon be as well as ever. Neither the secret disease, nor the small-pox, ever made such havoc amongst us, as frivolousness has done. It has reached the Capuchins and the Carmelites. The former have contrived to enliven their sackcloth;

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sackcloth; the latter never shew their shaven pates abroad without an umbrella.

It is with great reason, that Religion, which our coxcombs affect to consider as in her dotage, because, forsooth, she is too ancient, bewails our errors. We glory as much in changing our faith, as in altering our garb; and value ourselves upon raising and lowering virtue by the standard of a wild and extravagant imagination. Now Deists, we limit or mitigate, as seems good to us, the eternal punishments, or the eternal rewards, of futurity. Materialists, the next moment, we acknowledge no soul, no divinity, but the circulation of the blood. In vain would certain modish preachers convert us; all their gestures are borrowed from the toilet, and all their phrases from the stage. They speak of the principles of religion in the

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same strain, that a coquette speaks of her amours.

THE Sorbonne cannot tell, if a Thesis be christian or impious; and the Parliament decides. The Clergy, now in the Pope's interest, and now in the King's, aim at nothing but independence. If the Sovereign threatens, the ultramontane system prevails. If the Pontiff thunders, the liberties of the gallican church appear on the stage again. All is ignorance or craft in the bosom of a religion, which should be all light and simplicity.

MERIT, in her garret as in an observatory, examines every thing, and says nothing. Self-sufficiency, in the habit of a Financier, looks at nothing, yet judges of every thing. With a single stroke of her pen, she directs the ruin of whole pro-

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provinces; and then congratulates herself, on not having as yet reduced the miserable inhabitants to eat grass.

LET the enemies of the state triumph; for our part, we will aim at nothing but our own destruction: such is the present fashionable language and conduct! the arms refuse to obey the head, and the head remains inactive for want of arms. We shall soon, no doubt, have summer quarters to drink lemonade and refresh ourselves. Nay, I should not be surprised to hear of toilets being laid in our trenches, and of our gunpowder being scented. *Heroism* is now no more than an obsolete word, occurring no where but in History and Romance. We even avoid it as something ridiculous. No matter what becomes of our country's honour, provided we lose nothing of our rights to licentiousness and effeminacy.

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THERE is not a man amongst us, who does not glory in serving his Prince; and, yet, there is not a man amongst us, but is ashamed to wear the badge of his Prince's service. The nations about us think no dress more becoming and honourable than a military uniform, whilst we consider it as only fit for black-guards. A nobleman, to appear in Paris in the dress of a soldier, must have as much courage, as one of the Pope's officers to attack a Prussian. We had much rather wear the livery of frivolousness and luxury, than that of valour. But where is the wonder? This is no longer the age of heroes.

MODERN in every thing else, we remain Goths in nothing but the art of war. We still believe, that courage consists in throwing ourselves into the hottest fire, whereas its aim should be to secure
ours

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ourselves from destruction, and drive the enemy into it.

WHAT wars! What inveteracy! What ambition! Men will soon require another world to extend their empire; but, unhappily, for us, Fontenelle is the only man, who has as yet discovered any new ones. We might have purchased whole provinces, with what we pay for the honour of leaving our bones in a sorry Electorate.

ALL our rivers can boast of magnificent bridges, except that of Seve, which leads to Versailles. But what, after all, do these bridges signify? It is the sea we should endeavour to cross.

CERTAIN conquerors rely more upon their good sense than their great power; and they, accordingly, triumph, while we

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are groping about in the dark for something to support ourselves by. If it is money, we are greatly to be pitied; and if it is genius, I must be bold to say, that I tremble at the very thoughts of our condition.

THE slightest scratch, received by a Prince, is blazed abroad as an incurable wound. The death of *Schelin*, that Phoenix of a Taylor, who dresses and undresses half the world, would be more regretted, than the loss of a good General; for, now-a-days, we prefer the honour of wearing a handsome suit of clothes, and the pleasure of descanting upon it, to the glory of gaining a battle, and the noble satisfaction of conversing upon it. True soldiers make war their business, even in the bosom of peace; and we dream of nothing but our diversions and our novelties, in the midst of arms.

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THE last gun is not fired, when furloughs are distributed, even among those officers, who never applied for any. It is, indeed, but fair, that they should have an eight months repose after a four months campaign.

CERTAINLY, our forefathers would not have suffered themselves to be made such fools of, without performing a good quarantain. We have the talent of suffering ourselves to be trampled upon, without growing humble. We still raise our heads instead of hiding them. We want, no doubt, the world to admire,---at at least our frizure. But figure to yourself the thoughtful English, the grave Germans, the politic Italians, and us, in the midst of them, all elegance, all prettiness, all life and motion. It must be owned, that the picture was never made
for

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for the frame; and that we are too great
fribbles to have such wise neighbours.

THE taste for prettiness (for 'tis all we
know) has cramped our ideas to such a
degree, that the majestic appears enor-
mous in our eyes, and simplicity passes
with us for imperfection. Hence, we con-
sider ourselves as the eldest brothers of
mankind, and despise every thing that does
not exist in Paris. The General of the
Hanoverians is, in every other mouth,
the Prince of *Brunswick*; in ours, no-
thing more than plain *Monsieur Ferdinand*.

OUR way of thinking differs entirely
from that of all other nations; and must,
of course, be out of tune. Good sense is,
generally, at the same pitch with the rest
of mankind; whereas we have daubed
our works, as well as our clothes, with a
varnish of coquetry, which places us be-
tween

tween man and monkey. Posterity alone could reform us. But, alas! she is a backbiting prude, who never speaks in the hearing of those she censures.

THE last age was the age of genius; the next will be that of good sense. How shall we look between both? Pretty much like the parrot between the ox and the lion.

AN age, in which men can utter nothing but sentences, bring forth nothing but dreams, contrive nothing but fashions, build only on copper-plate, write only in miniature, and fight only by note, is stiled the philosophic age. Is it at philosophy, or at the age, that this ridicule is levelled? A fine problem!

REASON, fast asleep 'till the day on which the treatise upon *Spirit* appeared, has
but

but just opened her eyes. Let us see what she says: *the intelligence of our souls consists in the configuration of our hands, and interest is the sole principle of every virtue.* What a happy discovery! Should not our sages clap hands, and cry out, Victory?

THE work, which was yesterday in so much vogue, is this day proscribed; but to-morrow it will appear again ushered in with new suffrages. No actor ever excited so much laughter in the pit, as we do amongst foreigners.

THE whole world leers at us, to observe our paper-bound locks and our follies, and laugh at them; yet we are still vain enough to think, that they admire us. Let us now, at last, open our eyes, and we shall see, that strangers borrow nothing from us but our dress; and that, too, they never put on without laughing
at

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at the cut of it. They are all for having the drapery of our picture, but nothing more. Unhappily for us, they leave our heads to ourselves.

WE have reduced every thing to Dictionaries, except our follies, because 'tis evident they would fill volumes, and we can no longer put up with any thing but pamphlets. The sweet-scented Abbé says his Breviary in *Candide*; the Soldier reads his Code in the *Porter of the Carthusians*; the Magistrate studies his *Cujas* in the *Sopha*; and the Monk his rule in the *Lady's Academy*.

THE bulwark puppets are become our Demostheneses. A catch consoles us for losses, which all our tears would be too few to bewail. Wet eyes are only to be seen in houses, where there is no bread; whilst mirth displays itself, in public, to
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the found of fiddles and trumpets ; for, now-a-days, all our mirth is but meer mummerly and grimace. We put off the exercise of our rational faculties 'till another time, 'till the moment we shall cease to exist, and shall be remembered only to be laughed at.

DID we but know, that sweat is the only fard of heroes ; that the Marshale's powder and gun-powder are things utterly incompatible ; that the conquest of women is the ruin of warriors ; and that to spend one's life in languishing for the fair sex, is to spend it ignominiously ; we should then, no doubt, shew ourselves to be men. But we leave this science to the Prussians, who make the proper use of it. They know no other pleasure but that of fighting well, and doing their duty in the field of battle.

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THE rest of mankind are governed by opinion ; we by fashion. How many alterations in our clothes, in our manners, in our writings, in our religion, in every part of our being ? Our head loves, and our heart reasons ; our sensations see, and our ideas feel. Let things continue ever so short a time as they are, we shall no longer know ourselves ; we shall be obliged to ask our neighbours, if we are still men.

FANATICISM : what a word ! One would think, that it made our flesh creep. Yet, where is there a more fanatic nation ? Who could ever discover among the Italians, the Germans, or the Russians, *Jansenists*, *Molinists*, *Convulsionists*, *Secourists*, *Pichonists*, *Encyclopedists* ? Were their Bishops ever known to require assents in writing, re-
fuse

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fuse the sacraments, and make new rules of faith, at the end of seventeen hundred years? We must own ourselves stark mad, unless we have agreed to make the whole world merry at our expence.

WE have shaken off what was Gothic in our composition, merely to take up, instead of it, whatever was ridiculous. We cannot live without some extravagance or another to make the world gaze at us, and to render ourselves the laughing-stock of the rest of mankind. Alas! to what purpose are we valiant, ingenious, amiable, blest with the best police, sociable, if we do nothing but keep our hands and feet constantly a-going, without ever making use of our heads?

A REASON, which stiles herself the daughter of Matter, is all our religion. A Philosophy, which looks upon herself

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as born to crawl upon all-fours, is all our greatness. A Metromany, which writes merely to see her works condemned to the flames, is all our wit. An Impiety, which is not afraid to blaspheme the very Godhead, is all the sublimity of our genius. It will soon be as honourable amongst us to have been a rabbit, as a Sovereign or a Conqueror.

We no longer flock to the playhouse to unbend our minds and reform our manners, but to hear the most odious personal reflections, and do honour to calumny. The cabal comes to extort an applause, which makes humanity shudder, and covers, with equal shame, the author, the actor, and the spectator. We forget, that it is but making fools of ourselves to take pleasure in seeing a
C brother

brother torn to pieces; for, we are now equally deaf to reason and remorse.

LITERATURE is no longer any thing amongst us but a fordid employment, no better than that of the stall-keepers of the place *Maubert*; the same tricks; the same injuries; the same coarse treatment. Every man cries out for toleration, and yet no man can bear his neighbour. Every man exclaims against the age he lives in, whilst he himself is a scandal to it. We call upon humanity for assistance, whilst we murder, without mercy, the character of our cotemporaries. We suppose the death of others, whilst we ourselves should die through shame and despair.

DECENCY and dignity, in such high esteem amongst the Greeks and the Romans, must yield to the beauty of our customs

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customs. Our modern peers can dress themselves *en coutil*, as elegantly as their valets de chambre; and our princes flock to *Ramponeau*. *Persifflage*, *radotage*, *Papillotage*: fine works! fine words! *Vapeurs*, *pamaisons*, *elegances*, *pirouettes*, *dedains*. What a ravishing groupe! What a magnificent spectacle! Such, notwithstanding, is the point of view, in which a painter, to do his original justice, should wish to consider us.

WHAT a fine thing it is to see Medicine proceed by the rules of Metaphysics; Divinity, by those of Policy; Natural Philosophy, by those of Alchymy; Religion, by those of Materialism! Thus, we turn topsy turvy the sciences as well as our manners, because we find ourselves overloaded with a genius capable of the greatest prodigies. We must create, not to appear meer book-scholars; and

write treatises and form projects capable of astonishing the boldest, yet, at the same time, utterly unintelligible to the most clear sighted.

FORMERLY, a good book united all suffrages, and silenced envy; now-a-days, the miserable victim of the mutual hatred of our authors, who take pleasure in contradicting and abusing one another, it is cried up to the skies by one party, damned by another, and continually exposed to the bitter censures of our men of wit, if it preaches sound morality and right reason. Books, in a short time, must, like the head-dress and ribbands of our women, be fit to continue in fashion but a month, or perhaps a week, to deserve the honour of being read.

No nation can boast a greater share of wit, than the French; yet none are more ignorant

ignorant. We are equally strangers to the manners, and to the situation, of our neighbours. We think that a *Russian* is, at most, intitled to see; and that a *Persian* was never made to think. Paris is the only spot upon earth to produce men of wit. The silliest anecdote that has happened in Paris is brought up, in every conversation, as an event, which ought to interest all the inhabitants of the globe. Our modern Philosophers cite *de Prades* as a genius, whilst the Molinists cry up *Lenguet* as the ornament of mankind.

OUR travellers judge of nothing but comparatively with France, the compass by which they direct all their observations. Accordingly, they can discover nothing but Notre-Dame of Paris, in the famous Basilick of St. Peter; and are perpetually regretting the French opera, whilst they assist at the finest Italian ones. Naples

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is nothing to Orleans, in the eyes of an Orleanois; and the Pope himself is but a fool to the Bishop of Auch, in the estimation of a little Gascon Curate,

WE are above speaking any thing, any where, but French; at the same time that we cannot bear that Germans should speak German, even in Germany. We exclude from our assemblies all strangers, with whom we do not chuse to be acquainted; and, yet, expect, that, in their own countries, they should pay more court to us than to any other nation. We laugh at their manners, without having any to shew ourselves. We call them automates, if they stick to their own customs; and awkward apes, if they make use of ours.

THE bowels of Mount Etna ferment less than our brains. We can never be without a war in Church or State; and
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skirmish it away amongst ourselves with phrases and fashions, when we have nothing of consequence to quarrel about. The appearance of a pamphlet of six pages is enough to put the whole kingdom in motion. A catch forms an epocha, and is sure to be cited as a passage of history.

WE are always for giving the tone, because we can sing all kinds of airs; but there are certain seasons, in which other nations have no ears to hear us, and don't chuse to have any. Prudence should then, methinks, make us hold our tongues; and, unhappily, we never hold them.

OUR Dictionaries, numerous as they are, are no longer able to supply terms for all the parts of our dress. Every day sees us bring forth a thousand baubles,

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which our petit-maitres carefully foster, and our coquettes eagerly adopt.

AMOROUS or fanatical Prelates, conceited or cringing Peers, penurious or prodigal Financiers, brutish or quackish Physicians, Authors without bread or without talents, Women without beauty or without bashfulness, Youth without sense or without modesty : a fine collection truly, and such as cannot fail striking the eyes of the strangers who visit us !

THE profession of a petit-maitre, unknown to our forefathers, is the most eminent amongst us. Our scornful airs, our shrugs, our ceremonial grimaces, our twists, our bridlings, are not to be counted but by hundreds. We know how to shed tears more agreeably than our forefathers could laugh. Our faintings have nothing in them but the good
grace

grace of the vapours; and we make mouths more prettily than the prettiest marmouset.

WE are perpetually hurrying from one extremity to another with irresistible rapidity. Our self-love is downright impertinence; our frankness, indiscretion; our goodness, familiarity; our vivacity, giddiness; our language, humbug. Free-thinkers or Enthusiasts, petulant or scornful, we resemble those flying clouds, which admit no permanent serenity.

OUR marriages, the fruits of intrigue, ambition, or interest, ever resemble the last scene of a comedy. The daughter of a Financier buys a Count or a Duke as naturally, as an American planter purchases a Negro.

THOSE, who have not, from the age of fifteen, prostituted their manners, or have
grace

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grace enough left to blush at an impious conversation, are accounted Ideots, unworthy of being admitted into good company. Amongst us, reputation is to be secured only by indecencies and double entendres; by continual raileries against the Clergy, and attacks upon religion and government; in a word, by laughing at the practice of virtue as a mere masquerade. *Orgas* is the wit of the age, merely because he can dress up truth in a jack-pudding's habit, and place the Saints in a ridiculous light, by means of some nauseous and stupid epigram.

Tbalia is fond of flowers, and no hand or bosom is to be seen without a nosegay. *Isman* is ashamed to be seen in his wife's company, and no husband dares to shew his face abroad without a mistress. *Dorismas* blasphemes, and every one becomes his echo; he writes things that
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make the ears tingle, and even the lacquais make his compositions their study.

Is there amongst us any conversation, that does not turn upon public diversions or private intrigues; any love, that has not actresses for its object; any reading, but that of books stuffed with impious ribaldry and foolish romance; any knowledge, but what is built upon absurd systems; any wit, but such as evaporates in useless fallies; any courage, that is not sunk in debauch; any life, that pleasures don't render brutish? Not only we study to signalize ourselves by this extravagant way of acting and thinking, but we labour to make other nations act and think like us. The English are not, perhaps, a jot more virtuous than we are; but, then, they do not oblige others to shake off their virtue; whereas we, reckoning our vices as so many

many fashions, are for forcing strangers to take them up like our new-cut coats.

THE man, who, now-a-days, is not rich enough to digest a sturgeon, and roll about in a carriage varnished by Martin, must, there is no avoiding it, ruin his neighbours. Adepts in the art of making shifts, and cutting a figure at the expence of the public, we lay under contribution, relations, friends, strangers, nay our very footmen. We consider the substance of fools, as the patrimony of men of parts; and, by some servile epistle or insipid compliment, make industry supply the place of fortune. Play, the cloak of our avarice, our indigence, or our ennui, and which the women idolize as much as they do their lovers, and more than their dress, has dried up all the sources of conversation, and produced swarms of adventurers, just as the earth in autumn produces mushrooms: they spring up every where
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by hundreds, and every where carry with them a spirit of arrogance and sharpening, which disgraces the nation, and makes the inhabitants of certain countries dread our company almost as much, as the inhabitants of Saxony do that of the Prussians.

IT looks, as if we thought Nature had made women merely to favour our pleasures. One of our military men shall accost you a young lady, whom he has never seen, perhaps, never heard of, with as much familiarity, as if she had been his wife. One would imagine, that every thing must yield to their charms; and that virtue herself was tributary to their pretensions. Our very Abbés, more ridiculous in their gallantries than Punch in his amours, dare aspire to favours and even exact them, as if their dress and profession were not alone sufficient to scare any woman, that had the least grain

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grain of common sense. Such a one, says Madame *du Voyer*, surrenders to a little ugly Mousquetaire, who, with great reason, gives a deaf ear to the addresses of the handsomest prelate.

WHAT is become of that masculine virtue, which rendered so famous those ancient Gauls, our forefathers? Now-a-days, we only know how to play, prattle, laugh, and make love, whilst the Prussians think of nothing but fighting and conquest.

THE surgeons are perpetually anatomizing the human body; but I could wish, that some one or another of them would be at the trouble to anatomize the surface of it. How many different kinds of red and white; how many different powders and essences would he there meet with? The skin of our ladies is no better than

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than an oil-cloth, for all the world like a piece of canvas, which a painter has gummed and laid his first colours upon.

NOT content with thus debasing our persons, we must likewise debase Religion, Philosophy, Manners, and Literature. We no longer consider Religion but as a mere chimera; Philosophy, but as the art of building heteroclitical systems; Manners, but as prejudices. As to Literature, we have turned it into a vile commerce of interest and abuse.

FORMERLY, a Lacquais was but a Lacquais. Now-a-days, a gold watch in his pocket, and diamond buckles in his shoes, he acts the part of a petty Lord. He peruses in the antichamber our modish works; and, if he allows the existence of a God, 'tis through mere complaisance.

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WHEN we laugh at strangers, we only return them a compliment they have been the first to pay. They see us from time to time; they just smell to us; 'tis more than enough to discover what stuff we are made of.

THOSE scornful airs, which may be called our own, to the exclusion of every other nation, and which form one of our richest possessions, are amongst us bequeathed as an inheritance. We received them from our fathers, and shall transmit them to our children, unless there should intervene some good dose of reason to cure us, or some great humiliation to correct us.

WERE we to be told, that, if we affect to turn into ridicule the German nobility, it is merely because ours is disgraced by the
frequency

frequency of its ill-timed sallies ; that, if we make a jest of the Italian politicians, it is because we have no consistent systems ; that, if we laugh at the seriousness of the English, it is because we are strangers to reflection ; that, if we banter the Spaniards upon their gravity, it is because we are mere weather-cocks, at the discretion of every wind ; we should, methinks, were we to be told all this, be obliged to shrug our shoulders, and say nothing.

THE great spectacles of Europe escape us, whilst a theatrical performance engrosses all our attention. Were we not born to be, ourselves, a standing comedy, we should take less trouble about fancied ones ; we should not throw away the prime of our life in forming cabals, and crying up a parcel of rascally Players.

NOT the smallest folly is, now-a-days, left unthought of ; not the dullest con-

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ceit left unpublished; not the idlest dream left unprinted. A few sharp things; a few big words, such as *legislation*, *humanity*, *genius*; a few characters, or rather personal invectives, are now more than sufficient to obtain a man the title of a most celebrated Writer.

OUR Wits, who deny all infallibility, who affirm that Religion is false, and who would have us believe them upon their bare word, want, it is plain, by so doing, to impose *themselves* upon us for infallible; for, what other pretension can they have to lead us by the nose, and captivate our understanding? See! how our new Legislators lose themselves, and are bewildered, even whilst they would be considered as restoring Reason to all her primitive splendor.

DID not all these facts speak, of themselves, against us, I should certainly have held my tongue. But, do the Prussians stand in need of these reflections to know that they drub us? Are the English to be told, that they treat us like slaves? Can the Hanoverians forget, that they have been making head against us these three years past? Are we not known, in every corner of the globe, for a parcel of light, haughty, petulant men, who have no solidity in us till after forty? The very children, in Germany and Italy, laugh at our cares and our follies. Besides, if we every day make a shew of ourselves to the whole world, and do it with so good a grace, what should deter us from coolly surveying the picture of our manners and customs. Is it only in verse then, that we can be lawfully described?

BUT, to answer those little conceited mortals, who will be sure to stigmatize these reflections as a lampoon, and treat them as a paultry rhapsody, I must tell them, that, if I am so minute in speaking of the disorders of my countrymen, it is merely to cure them, and put a stop to the reproaches now cast upon them from every quarter. Has not the most celebrated of our poets given it under his hand, that *we carry our impertinence and disregard of time and place into all the countries we visit*? Have not all our writers affirmed, that we are the most light, frivolous, ridiculous, effeminate people under the sun? And our greatest personages (for, thanks to heaven, we have still a good number of such) have they not declared, that religion was on the decay in France, and that a cabal was actually formed to extirpate her? How many testimonies could I produce to confirm every
tittle

tittle I have advanced, and to shew, that the sole aim of this little piece, however rude and imperfect, is to instruct and correct? It will answer no end to cry it down and tax it with rashness. Nothing can be found in it, that does not tend to the good of government and religion. This is the opinion that will be entertained of it by those persons of sense, who bewail the ridiculousness of their countrymen, and are sorely afflicted to see a nation, equal to the greatest things, lost in an abyss of trifles and idle amusements.

BUT, instead of stopping here to make an apology, which with fools could have no weight, and true philosophers would deem useless, let us, after mentioning so many disorders, shew how they may be cured ; (for the cure of them is what we aim at,)

OUR disease, we may assure ourselves, proceeds intirely from a want of good sense; so that, if we can but find out a method of composing, and communicating that valuable quality, we shall soon obey the dictates of reason again. But what method must we take to produce this grain of good sense so necessary for our purpose, and then administer it? There's the difficulty.

AFTER the most serious reflections on two such important operations, I concluded, that it would be absolutely necessary to borrow the ingredients of the remedy in question from several nations. Accordingly, to a quantity of English phlegm I added several drachms of Italian refinement; and to several ounces of Spanish gravity and German stiffness, some scruples of French levity. Such is
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the mass, out of which may be formed the grain of good sense, that will radically cure us, if we can but introduce it to the spot where it is to operate.

IT is evident by the manner, in which I explain my secret, that, far from imitating our Doctors, who disguise the most trifling pill as the thing in the world hardest to be found, I don't want to impose upon any body. Nay, I am satisfied to inform my countrymen, that it is neither by the nostrils, the ears, or the mouth, the grain of good sense we stand in need of can ever be introduced, though it be absolutely necessary that it should penetrate into the head, the seat of our disease. Our nostrils are too full of perfumes; our ears of idle jests and sonnets, our mouths of essences and ragouts, to afford it the smallest passage. But, as the skull may be opened, witness the operation.

tion of trepanning, nothing more is requisite than to bore the forehead, in the very spot where it is usual to burn dogs to prevent their going mad. Through the hole thus made, the grain of good sense, which must not be bigger than a small pea, may be blown in by means of a gold pipe. We may expect the greatest wonders from it, the moment it has reached its proper station in our brain. It will absorb that coxcombical humour, which now tosses us about; and will fix our looks, so as to prevent our taking pleasure in any thing but what is really true and great.

If any wit chuses to satisfy himself, after this operation, that he is really cured, let him but open those books, which heretofore he most admired; and, to his great surprise, he will find nothing in them but a heap of wretched sophistry. The experiment has been tried already
upon

upon a petit-maitre, who looked upon the Treatise on *Spirit* as the first wonder of the world; and upon a Bigot, who adored *Berruyer's* works; and, behold! they have already so thoroughly recovered their sight, that they can no longer discover any thing but falsehood and impiety in these performances. Yes, the charm yields so completely to this operation, that by it we may, at last, bring ourselves firmly to believe, that other nations have the faculty of thinking; and that, in many respects, we are but the younger brothers of some of them, whom we now most gratuitously despise.

I HAVE not studied my phrases, lest I should be taken for one of those lady's physicians, who have no other merit but a pretty jargon. I have not affected that laboured stile, which is but too much the fashion amongst us, and which proves
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that we are more employed about words than about things. I have said what I had to say, just as it presented itself. Neither *Tronchin* nor *Condamine*, those two celebrated preachers of inoculation for the small pox, pique themselves upon the sublimity of their stile; they content themselves with giving reasons, and leave our trifling writers to tune their periods, and be witty. Nothing, certainly, can be more improper than the language of wit to recommend good sense.

LET us examine well the inoculation of good sense, and we shall find, that it is neither an impossible nor a ridiculous operation. On the contrary, we shall be convinced, that the project is simple, and easy to put in practice; quite different from the expeditions of those Englishmen, who come over to break our windows with guineas; from the enterprises of our prelates,

prelates, who are for erecting, into a rule of faith, formulas inconsistent with the dogmas already established ; from the cabals of our modern philosophers, who think to annihilate religion by a satyr or an epigram.

I, AT first, imagined, that the soul, which with bigots resides in the knees ; with gluttons, in the stomach ; with lovers, in the heart ; with Epicures, in the tongue ; with musicians, in the ears ; with astronomers, in the eyes ; might possibly have taken up her residence in our feet or our fingers, which, perpetually in motion, resemble so many Pantins. But, on dissecting a great number of French heads, I found, that the soul, with Frenchmen as with others, actually resided in that part ; and that nothing obstructed her operations but a certain spright, called Wit, perpetually at variance with her, whose impetuosity

sity was not to be checked, but by opposing to him a grain of good sense, composed in the manner already laid down.

I AM far from meaning, that none require my grain but Frenchmen. All your English, Italian, German, Polish, Russian, Dutch, and even Swiss, would-be petit-maitres, who have the assurance to pretend to wit, stand, above all men living, in need of it. I, therefore, invite all nations to avail themselves of my discovery, which may be called the universal remedy. I must not, however, dissemble the great difficulty of doing any good to our ridiculous fine ladies; pretended secretaries; and, above all, baby abbés, and fanatical prelates. But I hope, that, with the assistance of hellebore, which my patients must take for sometime, by way of preparation, I shall, at last, be able to bring persons even of that kind to their right reason again. *NOTES.*

N O T E S.

TITLE [An Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Modern French, by Monsieur Helvetius, Author of the Essay on Spirit.]

The scene of this piece must be understood to lie chiefly in Paris, between which place and London there is, perhaps, less difference, in proportion, in manners and principles, than between either of these capitals and the inferior towns of France and Great Britain respectively. Court will ever be court; and country, country; in all parts of the world. Considering, however, the great intercourse between London and the several parts of the British empire, and between these directly, in consequence of London's being the seat of the supreme legislative and executive power; the annual, or almost daily, resort to it for these purposes by the best families of all its provinces;

vinces ; the great domestic commerce between it and them ; the facility of travelling from one to the other ; and, above all, so great a part of the nation being, almost within the memory of man, sprung from one common stock, namely the farming families ; considering, I say, all these circumstances, it is impossible, that the difference, in manners and principles, between the head and the members of the British Empire should long continue as great, as that between the head and members of the French.

P. I. [FRIVOLOUSNESS silences Genius.] This was as loudly complained of in England, till Mr. Pitt came to the Ministry, when the frivolousness of Englishmen was effectually silenced by his extraordinary genius, as far, at least, as was necessary not only for the purposes of defence, but indemnification, and even con-

conquest. Under him, the common men, in spite of all their sloppy tea-drinking, objected to the lower ranks by some, and their almost total disuse of prize-fighting and boxing, bull-baiting and cocking, objected by others; and the officers, equally in spite of all the postchaising and fondness for trifling amusements, objected to the higher ranks by Doctor Browne in his Estimate, shewed themselves equal, in body and mind, to every fatigue and danger. Perhaps, the Doctor's reproaches did not a little contribute to so sudden an exertion of the latent English powers. Phaeton would never have attempted the palace of the sun, were it not for his

*Pudet hæc opprobria nobis,
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.*

And it is highly probable, that the Dr. intended his reproaches should have
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that effect. If frivolousness appeared so prevalent in England, it was in consequence of the great opulence naturally arising from the happy concurrence of blessings, which she enjoys, particularly the total abolition not only of slavery, but of those unnatural distinctions between man and man still kept up even in Sweden, where the peasants, however free in other respects, can neither purchase land or intermarry with the nobility. And as a man of Dr. B's great sagacity could not but be aware of this, so neither could he be ignorant, that the same sources, from which that frivolousness sprung, must naturally furnish strength and steadiness enough to counteract it, in every struggle with foreigners. In England, luxuriousness is of natural growth. Though it puts forth so much as to hide the branches, it does not rob them. In France,

France, and many other countries, as now constituted, it is no better than an excrescence, which, without hiding the branches, effectually tends to starve them. As to what the Dr. says of a mob of ragged Highlanders marching unmolested, during the last rebellion, into the heart of the kingdom, it was not, certainly, so much a proof of the people's want of courage, as of their dissatisfaction with those then in power, who, they thought, neither shewed abilities enough to use that power properly, nor confidence enough in the loyalty of the bulk of their fellow subjects to give them a share of it; thereby affording the many, not always the most clear sighted, too just grounds for doubting, whether they were to be gainers or losers by a change of heads.

MONSIEUR HELVETIUS, perhaps, writ this essay with the same intentions

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we have attributed to Dr. B. Be that as it will, he is not the only Frenchman, if he may be considered as one, for his father was a stranger, who has thus lamented, allowing him to be serious, the degeneracy of his countrymen. The celebrated Marquis de Mirabeau, whose judicious loyalty to his prince, and boundless benevolence to his fellow subjects, are so conspicuous in all the works published by him, under the well deserved name of the Friend of Mankind, most bitterly bewails it in his Discourses upon Taxes, addressed to his present Most Christian Majesty, on principles, which the illustrious Fenelon had before established, in an audience granted him for that purpose by Lewis XIV. The Marquis, after shewing the great decay of the physical strength of France, pathetically breaks out into the following words. “ Yes, Sire, I could make
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you still poorer, by taking into the account all those moral agents, which our forefathers knew how to employ, their prudence, (he calls it *prud'homme*, as though nothing but that ancient word could do justice to that ancient virtue) their honour, generosity, disinterestedness, gravity, wisdom, religion; all agents now without force, since money, that idol of corrupted nations, has in vain undertaken to supply the place of them."

As to the pictures of the Modern French given by other writers, whether natives or strangers, they seem rather too confined or too partial. The difference between a French *Gentilhomme* and a French, *Monsieur*, that is between what the French, in speaking, not to but, of one another, call *un Gentilhomme*, and *un Monsieur*, does not seem to have been properly attended to by the latter. *Un Gentilhomme*, in the

mouth of a Frenchman, signifies a man of birth; *un Monsieur*, any man that makes a decent appearance.

BUT, however well grounded this charge against such modern writers as have spoken of the French nation, may be, the author of these notes thinks it not improper to cite the character of them given by Dr. B. as it is not improbable, that Monsieur Helvetius had his eye upon it in the Essay now before us.

“FORCED by this, the character of the *French Nation*, tho’ inconsistent, is respectable: They have found, or rather invented, the Art of uniting all Extremes: They have Virtues and Vices, Strengths and Weaknesses, seemingly incompatible. They are effeminate, yet brave:

brave : insincere, yet honourable : hospitable, not benevolent : vain, yet subtle : splendid, not generous : warlike, yet polite : plausible, not virtuous : mercantile, yet not mean : In Trifles serious, gay in Enterprize : Women at the Toilet, Heroes in the Field : Profligate in Heart, in Conduct, decent : Divided in Opinion, in Action united : In Manners weak, but strong in Principle : *contemptible in private Life ; in public, Formidable.*

P. I. [NOTHING but epigram in their writings.] For a specimen of this way of writing, see Maintenon's Memoirs, in every page of which are to be found sentences concluding with some unexpected, though not unpleasing turn of thought. The same thing may, in some measure, be said even of Monsieur Voltaire's favourite works in prose, the

universal approbation of which is, however, a proof, that it is not so much the use, as the abuse of that epigrammatic stile, which disgusts sensible readers. Is there not some of it, though not of the newest fabric, in Dr. B.'s character of the French?

P. 1. [*Condamine* can waste his time and his lungs in proving the necessity of insertions; *Tronchin* can scrape together a hundred thousand crowns by proscribing soup as an universal poison; *Keiser* can find money and reputation in pills which the faculty can make nothing of.] The author, in this place, ridicules men of parts, in the person of Monsieur Condamine, a celebrated Mathematician, traveller, and observer, for throwing them away upon objects beneath their attention; the public for encouraging systems contrary to experience; the faculty for
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not understanding a medicine, whose virtues appeared so well attested. As to Monsieur Tronchin's attempt to proscribe soup, as an universal poison, it must appear little better than madness in a country like France, among the good people of which, as Doctor Smollet observes, a *bouillon*, or mess of broth, the foundation of a soup, is an universal remedy; "they have" says he, "no idea of a person's dying, after having swallowed *un bon bouillon*. One of the English gentlemen, who were robbed and murdered about thirty years ago, between Calais and Boulogne, being brought to the post-house of Boulogne with some signs of life, this remedy was immediately administered. "What surprizes me greatly, (said the post-master, speaking of this melancholy story to a friend of mine, two years after it happened) I made an excellent *bouillon*, and

poured it down his throat with my own hands, and yet he did not recover." Now, in all probability, this *bavillon* it was that stopped his breath."

P. 2. IT has reached the Capuchins and the Carmelites.] The Capuchins are the severest branch of the Franciscans. Besides wearing their beards, they are remarkable for the great plainness, or rather poverty and meaness, of their houses and furniture, dress and table, and a peculiar simplicity of manners, all which greatly recommend them, particularly to the lower sort of people in town and country, with whom it so much seems to level them; and they are, accordingly, much employed amongst them by the secular clergy, in preaching, catechising, &c. There are two branches of the Carmelites, distinguished by the names of *great* and *little*, of which the latter much resemble

seem the Capuchins. There is, odd as it may appear, a sect of German Protestants settled in Philadelphia, who vie with, or rather seem to outdo, the Capuchins, not only in the particulars mentioned of the letter, but in every other exercise of mortification and penance.

P. 2. [WE smell to them as to a bunch of jessamy; we admire them as we do a ruby.] At this time, jessamy happened to be greatly in vogue at Paris for nose-gays; and all manner of coloured stones, particularly rubies, for rings, necklaces, and other female ornaments. Accordingly, the reader must have observed, that within these few years a greater quantity than usual of false jessamy, and false coloured stones, have been displayed in the London toy-shops.

P. 4. [THE clergy, now in the pope's interest, and now in the king's.] The author here alludes to the French bishops declaring their resolution to stand by Lewis XIV, in his quarrel with the pope, concerning some indignities offered to his ambassador at Rome; and their strict adherence to the bull *Unigenitus*, issued at the same king's request, and registered by the parliaments of his kingdom, in spite of all the edicts of the present king, and the same tribunals. But here the author, at least if a papist, seems to go a little too far. Lewis XIVth's quarrel with the pope was of a merely temporal nature; that of the present parliaments of France with the bull *Unigenitus* is altogether spiritual.

P. 4. [THE Sorbonne cannot tell, if a thesis be Christian or impious; and the parliament decides.] The Sorbonne is
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the divinity school of the university of Paris ; and has been long famous for producing greater Roman Catholick divines, and in greater number, than most of the other schools of Christendom. The author here alludes to a thesis published by the famous Abbé de Prades, which, after passing unnoticed by the Sorbonne, to which he belonged, was censured by the parliament, always ready to pick holes in the gowns of the clergy. De Prades was banished, or at least banished himself, rather than wait the issue of this affair ; and flew to the King of Prussia, who made him one of his readers, but soon turned him off for holding a treasonable correspondence with the Austrians, during their short possession of Breslaw in the course of the late war ; telling him, at the same time, that *il ne valoit pas la peine de le faire pendre* ; he was not worth hanging.

P. 5. [To eat grafs.] One of Lewis XIIIth's ministers, on that monarch's imputing to their wants the misbehaviour of some of his subjects, had the insolence to tell his majesty, that they might think themselves extremely happy in not being as yet reduced to eat grafs. Had the wretch said so much to Henry IV, who often expressed his hopes of seeing the time, when the poorest man in his dominions might feast every Sunday night on capon and sallet, it is more than probable, that he would have condemned him to that food, which was thought by him, in his great humanity, good enough for his fellow-subjects.

P. 5. [THE arms refuse to obey the head, and the head remains inactive for want of arms.] A little before this, there had been great disputes between the king
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of France, the head of the French monarchy, and his parliaments, or supreme courts of justice, which may be stiled the arms of it, on occasion of the strenuous endeavours made by the bishops to extirpate Jansenism. The parliament of Paris, in particular, went so far, as absolutely to refuse to decide any affairs civil or criminal, till the king abandoned the archbishop of that see to their resentment; and the people so far seconded it, as to refuse to pay any regard to a court established by the king, to supply the place of the parliament, when banished by *letters de cachet*, or warrants under the King's privy seal. This new court the French, in general, considered, as the English, probably, would a Star-chamber. Accordingly, on the parliament's being recalled, and restored to its jurisdiction, the few causes decided by the new court were brought to, and rejudged by,

by it. After all, it must be owned, that the parliaments of France have gone a great deal too far on many occasions, and not far enough on some others. Vested, as they affect to be, with so much power, they might long before now have corrected several abuses, much more crying than many of those, upon their opposition to which they so much value themselves.

P. 5. [WE shall soon, no doubt, have summer-quarters to drink lemonade and refresh ourselves.] If the author here means, as he probably does, the French retiring very early into quarters, after recovering the ground they had lost by the sudden irruption of Prince Ferdinand into Alsace during the last war, he is, certainly, as much mistaken, as many amongst ourselves were in undervaluing that irruption. The French had no magazines

gazines left to carry them through a country not very fruitful in itself, and already, besides, ravaged by both parties; and Prince Ferdinand, by throwing this obstacle in their way, did more, with infinitely less loss of blood, than if he had suffered them to assemble, and had then gained any thing less than a complete victory over them; a thing, considering their numbers, not to be expected every campaign.

P. 5. [NAY, I should not be surprised to hear of toilets being laid in our trenches, and of our gunpowder being scented.] Nor should those be surprised at it, who think living well in camp to be epicurism, and consider epicurism as a sign of effeminacy. "A French general in the field," says Dr. S. is always attended by thirty or forty cooks; and thinks it incumbent upon him, for the glory of France,

France, to give a hundred dishes every day at his table. When Don Philip and the Marechal duke de Belleisle had their quarters at Nice, there were fifty scullions constantly employed in the great square in plucking poultry. This absurd luxury infects their whole army. Even the commissaries keep open table; and nothing is to be seen but prodigality and profusion."

BUT, after all, may not this censure be a little too severe. The pay of the French subaltern officers is so very trifling, that they could seldom eat what they consider as a good meal, if they had not the tables of the general officers to resort to. As to the Commissaries keeping open table, it is but restoring to the troops with one hand what they get by them with the other. Besides, it does not appear, that the French general officers behave the worse for this indulgence.

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When there has been a necessity for hard living, they have been the first to set the example. The self same Marechal de Belleisle, who, at one time, employed such a number of scullions to pluck poultry, could, at another, put up with the coarsest fare. During his noble defence of Prague against the Austrians, in the last war but one, he was the first officer of the garrison to have horse-flesh served up to his table, and the first man at his table to eat of it; nobly crying out, when he stuck his fork into it to help himself: *Messieurs, pour l'honneur de la France!* as it really was.

P. 5. [No matter what becomes of our country's honour, provided we lose nothing of our rights to licentiousness and effeminacy.] Whereas Dr. B. speaking of the French, says: Their
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feminate *Manners* affect not their national spirit of *defence*, because they are controuled by the Principle of military *Honour*. This, for some Ages, hath been early instilled into every rising Generation; and is at length become so strong and universal, as to form the *National Character*. It spreads thro' every Rank; inspires even the meanest in the Kingdom; and pervades and actuates the whole Machine of Government, with a Force little inferior to that of public *Virtue*." And, a little after, "This Principle, so remarkable at this Day among the FRENCH, we stigmatize with the name of *false Honour*. Such as it is, it were to be wished we had more of it. It aims not, indeed, at *generous* Ends, beyond a *certain Sphere*: But it is plausible, polite, and splendid, in the Pursuit even of its ungenerous Ends. In short, the Honour, like the Religion of *France*, is not *void* of Benevolence, but
confines

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confines its Benevolence within a *certain Pale*. 'Tis *false Honour*, as it regards *other nations*; as it regards *their own Country*, it is *true*.

HAD not Dr. B. said, that this honour is true in Frenchmen, *as it regards their own country*, we might hope to reconcile him with Monsieur Helvetius; for both, it is plain, mean military honour, which is not to be estimated by the ends it pursues, but its method of pursuing them; not by the rectitude of the heart; but the dexterity of the hands; the choice of ends being entirely the business of the governing powers. Thus, though the ends of the war undertaken by the French against the present, queen of Hungary, on her father's death, did them, perhaps, no honour, yet marechal Belleilles's behaviour at Prague, during the course of that very war, of which we have just now

taken notice, did them, certainly, the greatest.

BUT, omitting this distinction between military honour and state honour, it is worth while to observe the vast difference between the usual meaning of the word HONOUR in general, as employed by arbitrary sovereigns and abject vassals, or patriot princes and a free people. In the mouths of the former, it means no more than success in making war, no matter upon what grounds it was undertaken. Such was the meaning of the word with Lewis the XIVth; and the generality of his infatuated subjects. In the mouths of the latter, it is the making of war upon well weighed and just grounds, as well as courage and conduct in pursuing it; it is the reconciling, as much as possible, the rights of mankind with the enmity between

tween particular countries, by allowing free egress and regress, and safe residence, to foreigners, without distinction, not infringing the laws of the country ; it is the relieving of prisoners of war, when abandoned by their own sovereign. Such has been, during the last war, the honour of a GEORGE III. and of Englishmen ; an honour tending to the welfare of mankind, even that of those, from the defeat of whom it principally springs ; whereas French honour, under Lewis XIV, generally tended to the misery of mankind, even that of those who reaped it. It may, with great truth, be averred, that the late successes of England against France have been of more service, even to Frenchmen, than the successes of Lewis XIV. ever were, or could be. For what did, what could, Frenchmen get by these successes, but the poor distinction of being the first of many slaves ; a distinction

tion too dearly purchased at the rate of becoming themselves the greater slaves for it; whereas, in consequence of the late successes of the English against the French, some of the French have gained a considerable share of liberty.

WE must, however, in justice to the memory of Lewis XIV, take notice of his making, on his death-bed, an open confession of his too great passion for war to his heir, the present king, then an infant; and of his warning him against the same weakness; which confession and warning those about the young monarch had sense and spirit enough to fix to the head of his bed; and, it must be owned, with great success, Lewis XV, being universally allowed to be a man of uncommon humanity and goodness.

P. 6. [THERE is not a man amongst us, who does not glory in serving his prince; and, yet, there is not a man amongst us, but is ashamed to wear the badge of his prince's service. The nations about us think no dress more becoming and honourable than a military uniform, whilst we consider as only fit for black-guards.] And why? Because, in consequence of a law made in France to confine military men to the military dress, for this well known reason; that, their pay being so slender, they should not impoverish themselves by perpetual changes; and, in consequence of the breaches of this law being so much winked at in some of them; the military uniform is become, in Paris, the badge of poverty. Nothing can better prove, how hurtful laws, good in themselves, are apt to become, merely

in consequence of their not being rigorously enforced.

P. 7. [WE might have purchased whole provinces, with what we pay for the honour of leaving our bones in a sorry Electorate.] Meaning Hanover, where many Frenchmen, it is true, left their bones. But, that was not the fault of their statesmen, considering the then importance of that electorate in the eyes of the court of E. It was entirely owing to the rapacity of one French general sent unjustly to reap, or rather blast to his private gain, the laurels planted by another,

P. 7. [CERTAIN conquerors rely more upon their good sense than their great power; and they, accordingly, triumph.] Our author must here mean the King of Prussia, who appears, throughout, the hero of this performance.

P. 7.

to P. 7. [WHILE we are groping about in the dark for something to support ourselves by. If it is money, we are greatly to be pitied.] Monsieur Helvetius had, indeed, great reason to pity his countrymen, if it was money they were now groping for to hold by. At this time, almost all their money was either fled, or, at least, buried from the exigences of the public, insomuch that the king began to think of sending his plate to the mint; and was, in fact, soon after obliged to do it. This was no way surprising; for, though a greater number of payments, in proportion, are made with ready money in France than in England, yet the absolute number of payments, and the payments, in themselves, being much greater in England than in France, more than compensates that difference. Besides, England, in consequence of her great

great credit with foreigners, had little more to pay every year than the interest of that year's expences; and that interest the vast encrease of her foreign trade enabled her to pay, without breaking in upon the stock of cash she was already possessed of; whereas, France, so far from having any credit with foreigners, had so little foreign trade left, that, even if they had lent her money sufficient to answer the expences of the war, she must, in a few years, have been obliged to empty her coffers to pay them the bare interest of it, unless she chose to pay it out of the principal.

P. 9. [It is, indeed, but fair, that they should have an eight months repose after a four months campaign.] No doubt, the author here alludes to the inaction of the French, taken notice of p. 5.

P. 9.

P. 9. [WITHOUT performing a good quarantain.] He means a forty days devotion, sometimes performed in Roman-Catholic countries, to deprecate the anger of heaven.

P. 9. [WE want the world to admire, at least, our frizure.] The King of Prussia, hearing that the French guards were coming against him, under the Prince de Soubise, said; *Laissez les venir, je leur ferai la toupée*: that is, "Let them come, I'll dress their toupée for them;" or, in plain English, "I'll comb their locks for them;" which he did with a witness; scarce a single company of that splendid army, of which they made part, having escaped him, in any order. The French generals, however, flurred over this almost unparalleled disgrace of the French arms,

arms, by saying it was but a *coup d'essai*, which, in one sense, it really turned out, considering how many other defeats followed it; whilst the Parisians laughed it away by using the phrase *a la Soubise* for that of *a plate couture*; which last signifies, both a certain kind of seam in speaking of dress, and a total defeat in speaking of war. Accordingly, the French taylors, for a long time after this affair, never forgot to ask their customers, how they would have their clothes made, merely to give them an opportunity of answering, *a la Soubise*.

THE fondness of the French for their hair, so well ridiculed by the King of Prussia, extends to all ranks, even the meanest plebeians, who, though they can scarce afford time to comb it, will be sure to have it very long; and this too, notwithstanding the example the present king, who is remarkably

ably careless in that respect. One would imagine, that they considered it as a constitutional distinction. Formerly, in all probability, it was as much the ensign of freedom amongst the Franks, as the cap amongst the Romans. At least, shaving of the head is, even now, considered in France, as the most grievous punishment for women, next to public whipping and branding; and it is, accordingly, part of that generally inflicted upon those, who, were they men, would be sent to the galleys, though they may be only confined to a nunnery or a workhouse.

P. 10. [IN ours, nothing more than plain *Monseur Ferdinand*.] Very happily for us. If the French had not made so slight of Prince Ferdinand, he would never, perhaps, have gained so many advantages over them. Terror and confusion

sion are generally the attendants of security and contempt.

P. II. [REASON, fast asleep, 'till the day on which the Treatise upon *Spirit* appeared, has but just opened her eyes. Let us see what she says: *the intelligence of our souls consists in the configuration of our hands, and interest is the sole principle of every virtue.* What a happy discovery! should not our sages clap hands, and cry out, victory?] The Essay upon *Spirit* being the work of our author, may we not infer from this passage, and another to the same purpose, p. 41. that he was not thoroughly pleased with some of the positions therein advanced; and chose this as the best method to retract them with a good grace?

Is it not very remarkable, that the opposite very ingenious system, namely, that of Dr. Berkley, does not seem to have gained

ed any ground abroad, especially Lutheran and Popish countries, some of whose doctrines, especially those of transubstantiation and consubstantiation, making some allowances for the meaning of the word *substance*, it seems so well calculated to soften, if not explain?

P. 13. [WE can no longer put up with any thing but pamphlets.] Had the author looked into our news-papers, in which near a dozen periodical works are advertised for every month, he would probably have omitted this part of his censure on the levity of his countrymen.

P. 13. [THE sweet-scented Abbé says his Breviary in *Candide*; the Soldier reads his Code in the *Porter of the Carthusians*; the Magistrate studies his *Cujas* in the *Solha*; and the Monk his rule in the *Lady's Academy*.] The books, which the Abbé, the
Soldier,

Soldier, the Magistrate, and the Monk, are made to use in this passage, are the very reverse of what they should use. But, bad as this may be, the case seems to be worse in England, where books have often been written by men, who, if they had any regard to their profession, should be the last to write them. Besides, pamphlets are every day published, containing things diametrically opposite to what the authors would be thought to intend. Thus, some time ago, there appeared, in one and the same month, two pieces, with titles indicating them to be for the use of the fair sex, but containing, the one a defence of f-----n, and the other a prospect of a certain building, which, besides resembling, by the great number of its arches, the places set apart by the Romans for that work of darkness, may be always supposed to contain a great many men, duly qualified, and equally willing,

ing, to co-operate in it. What can one think, but that the authors of these two judicious pieces had an understanding with each other; the essay of the one resembling the advertisement of some quack's poison; and the picture of the other, the sign, by which the place where it is sold may be easily discovered. O Parents! Parents! how long will ye suffer yourselves to be deluded by men pretending to instruct and improve your daughters, without the least grain of decency and delicacy, not to speak of virtue, requisite for the due performance of so important and arduous a task.

P. 13. [THE bulwark-puppets are become our Demostheneses.] Paris being walled in, the ramparts more than half round the whole city, are nobly adorned with four rows of stately trees, in the center of which is a broad road for
G coaches,

coaches, and on each side very fine shady walks. Upon these ramparts are to be seen, every fine evening, many of the people of fashion in their coaches, which are often gaudy, but oftener truly elegant, and painted in a most exquisite manner; not with *arms, crests, or initial letters*, but with a variety of pastoral scenes. On the margin of these walls, are a great number of coffee-houses, and places of public entertainment, where are exhibited a variety of amusements, something in the way of Bartholomew Fair, but, you may imagine, better executed, by a people whose characteristic it is to laugh and be merry. The coffee-houses, &c. are decorated with a great deal of eye-trap, and in most of them are harlots and musicians; and there the Bourgeois, with their wives and children, enjoy a little fresh air, and the view of the adjacent country, which is to be seen in great variety

riety from the different parts of these ramparts. *Mr. Thicknesse*. Puppet-shews make part of the amusements here spoken of. But, who they are our author means, the wooden actors in these shews, or the living puppets who talk of politics in the coffee-houses, &c. of this walk, is uncertain.

P. 13. [A CATCH consoles for losses, which all our tears would be too few to bewail.] This is no new thing. It was so in the minority of Lewis XIII, when the refractory Parisians, besieged, or rather blocked up, by him, joked or sung away all care and concern for the frequent checks their trained bands met with from the king's troops. No wonder, then, if a ballad should be found sufficient to form an effectual diversion in favour of a minister, The same thing, perhaps, has happened, more than

once, here in England. The great outcry made, a few years ago, against the last tax upon beer would, in all probability, have long since laid the ministry under a necessity of getting it taken off, had not the murder of Mrs. King interposed. The moment that tragical affair, though of a private nature, got wind, all the Grub-street compositions against the legislature and the brewers were hushed; and nothing to be heard but: *The bloody, barbarous, and cruel murder*; and: *Beware of French cooks, they will poison you! Beware of French valets de chambre, they will cut your throats*; which took up the minds of the populace so much, that they soon entirely forgot all their former themes. Had some poor harmless cow but thrust her horns into a certain place, while the cry was so loud and so general there against admiral Byng, and two or three of the most eminent
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men in it been squeezed to death on the occasion, it is more than probable, that he would be a living man to this day.

P. 14. [THAT the marechalefs's powder and gun-powder are things utterly incompatible.] This Marechalefs's powder is a kind of hair powder in great vogue at Paris; and, probably, the invention of some marechal's lady.

P. 15. [WHO could ever see among the Italians, the Germans, the Russians.] He does well to leave the English out of this comparison.

P. 15. [WERE their bishops ever known to require assents in writing, refuse the sacraments, and make new rules of faith at the end of seventeen hundred years?] The like, however, has happened, allowing him not to mean rules of *new* faith, in almost every country and age

since the establishment of Christianity. The composition of the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds, the profession of faith of Pope Pius V. the Ausburgh confession, and the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, seem all liable to equal censure.

P. 16. [BLEST with the best police,] The police of Paris is, indeed, wonderful : I know a gentleman, who, in his cups, lost his watch ; and, though he could not remember where he had been, the police informed him, and returned him his watch the next morning. Any injury done to either a stranger, or citizen, if complained of, will be instantly heard, and severely punished : There are forty-eight commissaries in different parts of Paris, for this business only. You will think it strange, yet it is, nevertheless, true, that, if a man gets drunk, and forgets where he lay, the police will inform him,

him, and with whom he lay, if he had a bedfellow. *Mr. Thicknesse,*

P. 17. [A METROMANY.] The French have a comedy under this name, in which the author, Monsieur ***** seems to have had himself in view in forming a poet, who, as the title points out, is the principal hero of the performance. This piece is justly celebrated as one of the best things of the kind, which the present age has produced. But, notwithstanding all Mr. *****'s boasted resolution, in the person of his poet, to consecrate all his talents to the service of the distressed and the virtuous, he afterwards forgot himself so far, as to write a piece, which the parliament ordered to be burned by the hands of the common hangman; and it is to this sentence, no doubt, our author alludes, forgetting, on this, as on many other occasions, that one swal-

low does not make a summer ; and that nations are not answerable for the faults of individuals.

P. 18. [PLACE Maubert.] The Rag-fair of Paris.

P. 18. [WE suppose the death of others, whilst we ourselves should die through shame and despair.] This may allude to the Parisians greedily swallowing a report, which prevailed during the last war, of the King of Prussia's death, occasioned by the Austrians finding, as they gave out, amongst the dead bodies left behind by the Prussians, in a skirmish with them, one, whose cloak bespoke him of very superior rank and dignity.

P. 18. [WHILST we murder without mercy the character of our cotemporaries.] The case of the author himself, with this
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aggravation, that it is not one man, or one hundred men, he lashes, but a whole nation.

P. 19. [OUR modern peers can dress themselves *en coutil*.] *Coutil* signifies a quilt, the use of which, in men's wear, was, probably, first introduced by the valets de chambre of Paris.

P. 19. [RAMPONEAU.] A celebrated Shopkeeper, and arbiter of the fashion in Paris.

P. 19. [*Perfiffage, radotage, papillotage, - - - - - vapeurs, pamoisons, elegances, pirouettes, dedains.*] Cant words; the three first, remarkable for sounding big and signifying little; the rest for their affected prettiness. *Perfiffler*, means no more than to *humbug*; *radoter*, to *dream* or *doat*; *papilloter*, to *bind the hair*,
in

in paper to prevent its losing the curl given it by the fingers. But, by the termination *age*, are invested with as much importance, as Latin words by the termination *agium*; and a great deal more than English words by the addition of the word *work*, which, if tacked to some would make them look very silly. *Vapeurs* signifies *vapours*; *pamoisons*, *fainting* or *fwooning fits*; *elegances*, *elegancies*; *pi-rouettes*, *turnings upon the heel*; *dedains*, *disdains*, that is to say, *scornful airs*.

P. 19. [BECAUSE we find ourselves overloaded with a genius capable of the greatest prodigies.] The author almost every where else seems to think otherwise.

P. 21. [THE Molinists mention *Len-guet* as the ornament of mankind.] A French bishop, who wrote against the
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Jansenists, a religious sect, who are, in France, in respect to those of the established church of that kingdom, pretty much what the Methodists are, with respect to other protestants of the church of England. The opponents of the Jansenists are generally called Molinists from Molinos, a Spanish Jesuit, and strenuous opposer of Jansenius's tenets. It is pretty remarkable, that Jansenius himself is not deemed a Jansenist; the reason of which is, that he concludes the book, from which the doctrines constituting Jansenism are taken, by a formal submission to the decrees of the church.

P. 21. [NOTRE-DAME of Paris,]
The cathedral of Paris.

P. 22. [AUSCH.] A small bishopric
in Gascony.

P. 22,

P. 22. [WE are above speaking any thing, any where, but French; at the same time that we cannot bear that Germans should speak German, even in Germany.] How much soever the French may be to blame for pretending to tyrannise it over the Germans, in this manner, the Germans, surely, are more to blame for tamely submiting to such a tyranny. Of this the present Emperor, tho' so young a man, seems to be very sensible, having ordered no other language but the German to be used, for the future, in his court, or in any of the papers presented to him, whereas, before that, the French and Italian languages chiefly prevailed.

P. 24. [OUR scornful airs, our shrugs, our ceremonial grimaces, our twists, our bridlings, are not to be counted but by hundreds.] The Reader will not, perhaps, be displeased to recollect Mr. Thick-

Thicknesse's manner of accounting for the great action made use of by the French in general, though that our author here speaks of must be understood of the French *petit-maitres* in particular.

“ I cannot,” says he, “ help making a remark, while it occurs to me, relative to the great action the French make use of in their ordinary conversation, for which we are apt to laugh at them. But, perhaps, this action is not so much the consequence of their being Frenchmen, as men living under the laws of France. An Englishmen speaks his mind freely in plain English; but a Frenchman durst not speak in *plain French*; and, therefore, a shrug of the shoulders, an elevated arm, a contracted brow, or a gathering up, as it were, of one's whole body, may be, and frequently is, as well understood as words; and yet for these bodily actions,

a man

a man cannot be sent to the Bastile. The English, Irish, and Scotch, who reside here, are as perfect masters of the *shrug*, as any of the natives; and even among us, how many men, especially in trade, have their credit injured, and their characters blasted, by a shrug of the shoulders."

P. 25. [THE Daughter of a Financier buys a Count or a Duke.] He here, probably, alludes to a match, during the last war, between a French nobleman's eldest son and the daughter of Monsieur de Vieux Maisons, a Farmer-General. But, however unequal to such an alliance Mademoiselle de Vieux Maisons must be allowed to have been in point of birth, she was worthy of the Count by the best of titles, her love; for, on the bare report of a battle in Germany, where he then served, such was her concern for his safety,

ty, that she immediately sickened, and died the next day ; an illustrious example of conjugal affection.

P. 29. [OUR very Abbés.] This word, Abbé, is used in France to denote, not only the heads of certain religious houses, but all manner of secular churchmen, especially such persons, as have received the tonsure, and, under colour of preparing themselves for the service of the church, in the mean time partake of her revenues, on condition of wearing the ecclesiastical habit, and saying the breviary. Of these there are great numbers in Paris, many of whom have, without vocation or talents, been forced by their parents or friends, who happened to be patrons of livings, upon the church ; or have forced themselves upon her, and live accordingly ; whilst others of them, without ever taking upon themselves holy orders,

orders, do solid services to Religion and Learning. The first are the men here meant. The Superiors of certain religions houses, stiled in French *Abbés*, are more properly called *Abbots* in English.

BESIDES the real *Abbés*, Paris swarms with young fellows, who, in order to qualify themselves for company above their fortune, put on the *Abbé* dress, as, besides coming very cheap, it exempts them from the expence of change, to which those wearing the lay habit are liable.

P. 30. [WHAT is become of that masculine virtue, which rendered so famous those ancient Gauls, our forefathers !] By our author's manner of setting out, one would scarce imagine, that he should be obliged to go so far back as the Gauls
to

to contrast, in any thing, the modern French.

P. 30. [THE skin of our ladies is no better than an oil-cloth, for all the world like a piece of canvas, which a painter has gummed and laid his first colours upon.) In France, red and white are not only employed more universally than in England, to mend and enliven the complexion; but the latter, which is there called *fard*, is used to distinguish married women of quality, especially at court, from all others, even unmarried women of their own rank. But, for this purpose, it is laid on so thick and so coarse, as to spoil beauty, and add to ugliness.

P. 32. [WE received them (our scornful airs) from our fathers, and shall transmit them to our children.] Frenchmen, therefore, are not so much changed with-

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in our author's memory, (as he would insinuate P. 1.) but that they still retain something of their fathers; nor is the next age so likely to be the age of good sense amongst them, as he seems to imagine, p. 11.

P. 35. [CAN the Hanoverians forget, that they have been making head against us these three years past?] How should they remember it? What would they have been, well as they behaved, if Great Britain had not supported them?

P. 41. [WE are but the younger brothers of some, whom we now most gratuitously despise.] See M. Voltaire's Tale of William Wade.

P. 42. [WHO come over to break our windows with guineas.] Foolish as it may be to break windows, any where,
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for

for the sake of diversion, it must be wise to do it with guineas, in Paris, which is so well policed, that, without so timely a remedy for the mischief, justice must have soon overtaken the perpetrators of it. Halfpence in Paris would not have been the thing, by any means.

P. 43. [Who are for erecting, into a rule of faith, formulas inconsistent with the dogmas already established.] See note (5) page (11).

P. 44. [PRETENDED Secretaries.] The place of *Secrétaire du Roy*, or King's Secretary, may be purchased in France, and ennobles the purchaser's family. But it is an empty title, without confidence or employment; so that our Author justly calls those, who are decorated with it, Pretended Secretaries. For the same reason, these new noblemen and their
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descendants are little esteemed by the rest of the French nobility, most of whom have dearly bought that honour with their blood.

P. 44. [BABY Abbés.] Many of the Paris Abbés, viz. those already taken notice of by him, are, in spite of the plainness of their garb, the greatest fribbles in that capital.

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The END. [P. 44.] The place of Secretary of State, or King's Secretary, may be purchased in France, and enables the purchaser's family. But it is an empty title without confidence or employment to the Author. Justly calls those who are connected with it, Pensioned Secretaries. For the same reason, the new noblemen and their